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"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

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THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

He can give the laws of Solon
He can draw the flag of Colon,
He can write a Babylonian I O U;
He can make a writ in German,
He can draft a Turkish firman; !
But the English common law he never knew.

He can write his name in Spanish,
He can make a speech in Danish,
And recite such Sanscrit as would turn your brain;
The Mualakat Arabic
He can scan in feet syllabic;
But he couldn't tell old Shakspeare from Mark Twain.

He can fathom all the mystery
Of old Ethiopic history;
He can name one thousand Norse Kings—more or less.
He can mark the Roman bound'ries,
And describe the Aztec foundries;
But has never seen the "statutes of U. S."

He can trace the radius vector,
With a geometric sector,
And can give the moon's diameter in feet;
He can analyze the arum,
Classify the Coptic carum;
But he can not tell a cabbage from a beet.
—Philadelphia Republic.

CAPTURED THE GANG.

An Old-Time Telegrapher's Remarkable Exploit.

A Combination of Morphine and Whisky Too Much for the Robbers—A Big Lesson to the Narrator.

The itinerant telegrapher is essentially a story-teller. A roamer and a rover by bent of natural disposition long enough to refurnish a wardrobe and put a little money in his pocket for incidental expenses; then he flits to some other scene; and every change of location adds to a fund of reminiscence and "shop-talk," on which he is ever ready to draw for the entertainment of an appreciative listener.

One of these migratory gentlemen was observed a few days ago engaged in supporting the iron frame of the door leading into the Washington street entrance of the Western Union office, and his store-house of recollections was promptly tapped.

"Yes," he said, "I am a telegrapher. Not one of the kind who hold forth in the corner drug store at fifteen dollars a month, live on one meal a day and secreted cans of Liebig 'pinched' when the drug clerk is out and the operator is running the shop, but a gilt-edged receiver and fast-sending 'rusher.' I have had a varied experience in getting to what *I* consider the top round of the ladder in the 'perfesh.'

"I started out as an apprentice to a man with a cork leg. This man had various outside duties to perform, such as swinging a ponderous gate over one right of way when trains on the other wanted to go by; cleaning, lighting, and getting out the switch-latnps at night, talking shop, and answering '2' calls—a signal sent out by the train-dispatcher every half hour. Every operator was supposed to answer this or get credit for being asleep—the one answering the most in a month getting five dollars from the company. Well, I was this man's 'student,' and to pay him for teaching me the mystery of the dots and dashes I relieved him of all of his outside duties and nearly all of those inside, very soon after I had mastered the alphabet.

"How stuck-up I was when I could sit in and answer those '2' calls! And what a snap it was for my mutilated-in-the-cause friend! I can see myself now sitting in his chair, watching first the instrument and then the clock, and when the half-hour came around grabbing the key and snapping out '2' in what would appear to me now to be a very 'ladylike' manner. All this time the old veteran was in the back part of the office snoring away, and only getting up when I called him to get orders for an outgoing train.

"In a few weeks I graduated from this first condition and entered the second. My! my! but what a nuisance a kid is in the second one. He has acquired the alphabet and can get a word or two here and there in a sentence and straightway imagines he is an operator, and with a little more practice says he can take an office out on the road. That is the time when trouble begins for the 'old' ones on the line. He commences at one end and goes through the entire string of offices, asking them in his jerky student style if there is any one there that wants to 'Grastis' (this is the word the average student generally makes when he tries to write 'practice'). With what glee he says 'pa, pa' when he discovers an office where there is another student, always ready to respond 'pi, pi' to his 'pa, pa.' This display of emotion and response, so familiar to the telegrapher, is the unsuccessful attempt of the novice to make the letters 'h' and 'a' in saying 'ha, ha.'

"I don't like to think of the heart-rending experiences of that time. I imagined myself equal to the task of taking a train order and let the old man sleep one night, and tackled it. I never *did* know how much that train-dispatcher swore at me until I got to be a dispatcher myself. The order started: 'To Condr. and Engr. Train No. ——.' The dispatcher got as far as 'No.' when I tremblingly opened the key and said: 'Go ahead, condr.' Again he started: 'Condr. and engr.'—once more I opened and said: '*Please* go ahead, con——' An exclamation point from the dispatcher and another start. By this time I was so 'rattled' that I could not have received it if my slow-sending student friend had been transmitting it. I 'broke' him again, and, tearing up the order, asked him to please repeat it slowly.

"The answer came slow, but it was not the train order. It sounded something like this: 'Who are you, anyway; where is the operator? Get him and tell him to keep his "plug" student off of this wire.' I awoke the old man and got 'jacked-up' again by him for not having called him in the first place.

"This little experience took all of the conceit out of me and really was a good thing in its way, for it spurred me on to renewed exertion. I got the operator to put an instrument on a report wire and practiced for hours at a time. Two or three months later I discovered that I was the operator and the old man the 'ham' of the office at night.

"Then I became ambitious again. Going to the superintendent I secured a position as traveling operator and went on the road; and very soon it was, too, that I began to talk about the 'great evil of taking students into offices'—they all do that!

"Well, I went out on the road, was finally permanently located, became a very fast sender, and acquired quite a reputation. My experience as a student attempting to take his first train order was nothing compared to one I had shortly after taking my first office. The dispatcher had sent me an order to hold an east-bound train for one going west. I was at a station where the double track stopped and a single one took its place. The east-bound train pulled up, with the conductor on the engine. I had forgorten to put out my green signal and also forget the order I had in my book. I told the men on the engine I had nothing for them and then went into the office. The train gradually increased its speed and the bumpity-bump, bumpity-bump of the wheels as they passed over the ends of the rails was getting faster and faster. I stood in the door watching the train pull out, when I heard the next station east report the departure of the train coming west. Then, and not until then, did I think of that order.

"I can never dwell on the events of that night without having a recurrence, in a milder form, of the awful feeling of horror that took possession of me as I looked upon that order, until that minute unthought of. I dashed out of the door just in time to catch the caboose, which was going so fast that it swung me in on the back steps and mashed my nose against the back of the car. I paid no attention to this, but began to set brakes, and never stopped until I had the brakes on half the cars tight set and the train at a standstill. The explanations were made, and that train was backed up and on the side-track about two minutes before the train bound west came whizzing by. I never could understand why my hair didn't act that night like other people's that I've read about.

"The men on that train must have felt that I had done them a great favor, saved their lives, or something of that kind, for they never said a word about my letting it nearly get away from me. If they had it would have been 'good-bye' for me as soon as the company could have gotten a relief to my station.

"I had always been a nervy chap—strong, afraid of nothing, man, horse or woman—but that night's experience took all the sand out of me as long as I remained in that village, so I concluded to move on, and I've been moving ever since.

"I resigned, to take effect at once, got on a west-bound train, and worked the conductors all the way to the slope before I began to think of stopping.

"At Truckee I had the experience of my life. Perhaps you've heard of it. To begin with I will say that at that time I thought altogether too much of the ardent, like many another good man that you can find 'on the block' in this town nearly any day in the week. I was also greatly afflicted with insomnia, which I laid to the fright I had about that train order. Be that as it may, I found it necessary to have at hand all of the time a bottle of morphine, and a gallon jug of whisky, generally went with it. I was riding along one night with my jug secreted under the seat and the morphine bottle in my pocket, when the train came to a standstill. The conductor immediately rushed in, 'gun' in hand, and notified the coach-load of passengers that we had been stopped by a gang of the most desperate train-robbers in the West, and that they were going through the train. Quick as a flash the idea entered my head that I could 'do the gang up.' I took out my morphine bottle, emptied the contents into the whisky, and, without saying a word to any one, went to the rear platform and jumped off.

"'Where you goin', pard?' said a voice immediately behind me. 'What av yer got in the jug?'

"'I am going nowhere at present,' I answered, at the same time turning to face the solitary rear guard. 'I've got whisky in the jug, and thought I would take it along with me and get off a little while until you people got through with your business on the inside.'

"'Bless your heart, youngster,' the man replied, 'you've tried to get away with what the boys would consider the biggest find on the train. Let's sample your juice.'

"This was just what I wanted. I let him sample, and in half a minute he toppled over. While the rest of the gang were ahead having a hot fight with the Fargo express messenger, I put on the robber's blouse, mask and trousers, tied his hands and feet, and rolled him over in the high grass at the side of the bank.

"When he had been talking to me I took particular care to notice his voice and manner of speaking and, being about his size, did not have any doubts as to my ability to fool the rest of the gang. And I did it, too. They had gone too the train and cleaned out every one and then the leader came to me and said: "Well, Bill, did any of 'em git away?"

"'Nary a one; one duffer tried to save this,' holding up the jug, 'but I nabbed him and here it is.' There was a great deal of satisfaction displayed over the last find and they all sampled it, and—well that little jug did what all the brave trainmen and passengers could not do, put them all to sleep in five minutes, and half an hour later I had every mother's son of them tied hand and foot. Every body got back what they lost except that poor, brave lad, the express messenger. He had lost his life.

"Yes, that was my greatest experience; and, would you believe it, the knowledge of how that little jug of whisky with its morphine trimmings had done that gang of toughs up was a big lesson to me, and I've not touched the stuff since that day."—Chicago Times.

—A curly walnut log was recently sold in Logan County, W. Va., for $3,000.

WONDERFUL LUCK.

Lost Fortunes Restored to Their Owners in Strange Ways.

The paymaster of a railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with $30,000 to pay off its employes. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper. He stopped at a little wayside eating-house for dinner, and on going away, in a fit of absent-mindedness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined. Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and, with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of paper on the chair beyant," said she; "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and a wiser man.

A man in the same city lost a roll of bills amounting to $10,000, which also was wrapped up in a newspaper. He told a friend of his loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the post-office. The night was wet overhead and slushy under foot. They visited the post-office, and going to the spot where the man had been standing they found two or three bits of torn newspaper. It was the same. They looked further and at last found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, and the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours cleaning and drying it. The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch chain that he could find in the city.

A still more remarkable incident is related of the finding of $130,000, lost by M. Pages in the Northern railway station in Paris some ten years ago. As one Ezelot, a French soldier was walking with two comrades through the station, they noticed on the floor a small package wrapped in a newspaper. They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezelot was getting into the train, going home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Ezelot going on his way without having perceived the little pleasantry. Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Ezelot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but, thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on the table in the kitchen. There it remained for four or five days, till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved by an unwonted curiosity. Opening it she discovered documents representing £26,000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe. The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the maire. This functionary, communicating with Paris, speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of £1,000, went off with his oddly-recovered treasure. It would be an interesting supplement to the narrative if we could have a record of the feelings of the soldier who thrust this unexpected good fortune upon Ezelot when he heard the sequel of his little joke.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

The Subject Discussed by General Benet, Chief of Ordnance.

The subject of smokeless powder for military uses occupies considerable space in the annual report of Brigadier-General Benet, Chief of Ordnance, to the Secretary of War. He says:

"In the absence of a suitable small-arms powder there has been no substantial progress in the matter of a small-caliber rifle beyond what has been heretofore reported, except in the negative gain resulting in the apparent abandonment, or tendency that way, abroad of all powders but the so-called smokeless. This change, involving the return to a grained powder, is, if permanent, an appreciable gain for all in economy and efficiency of the product in the manufacture of small-arm cartridges, and may have been brought about as much from the difficulty of obtaining uniform and satisfactory results in the way of velocities and pressures with the compressed powders as from the more valuable properties of the smokeless. No American has yet submitted for trial a smokeless powder, and experiment with compressed powders has shown the same eccentricity as developed abroad tending to destroy confidence in the final production of a serviceable compressed powder-cartridge. All effort, official or otherwise, to date to obtain a smokeless powder has been abortive, and American powder-makers and chemists have not yet awakened to the lucrative opportunity presented to them. There is reason to believe, from an application made to an officer of the (Ordinance) department more than ten years ago, that smokeless powders originated, like many other inventions, in America, only to be brought to the attention of the world in foreign countries, although in this instance the person concerned met with encouragement, of which he did not avail himself.

"In view of the present status of the powder question, it is not deemed expedient to produce a small caliber rifle for compressed-powder cartridges. Such a rifle, however excelent in itself, would be inferior to foreign arms using smokeless powder, and consequently unsatisfactory to the army and the country at large. It is believed, however, that all the elements entering into the problem, except the powder, are ready for use the moment this powder is obtained.

"A 30-caliber rod-bayonet Springfield rifle has been made, and a rod-bayonet, 30-caliber magazine arm is now in progress of construction in anticipation of the final acquisition of the much-needed powder, so that no time may be lost in presenting for trial both single-loading and magazine small-caliber rifles."—Washington Letter.

CONNUBIAL BONDS.

How They Can Be Severed in the Province of Victoria, Australia.

An Australian colonist recently caused so be inserted in the newspapers the following brief announcement: "Not having heard of my wife for the past ten years, I intend to marry again. John Leary, Post-Office, Geelong." A husband who has waited a whole decade in the hope that his errant spouse may turn up hardly appears open to the charge of being short-tempered, but unless the laws of the colony of Victoria already include a statute of limitations applicable to matters connubial and covering the case of Mr. Leary, it would seem that that gentleman is at length prepared to run the risk of committing bigamy rather than continue any longer in the condition of single blessedness. Probably the above announcement is to be explained by a measure now before the Parliament of Victoria, and which will in all probability shortly become law. This is the so-called Divorce Law Amendment bill, by which, in that portion of the British Empire, the dissolution of the marriage tie is to be greatly facilitated. By this measure a divorce may be granted on various grounds not hitherto admitted as justifying so extreme a remedy. Desertion or habitual drunkenness, with neglect or cruelty on the part of either husband or wife, will henceforth enable either to obtain a divorce *a mensa et thoro*. If either commits a violent assault on the other, or is convicted of crime, the injured party may, in either case, demand not a mere judicial separation, but a final and complete dissolution of the marriage. Legislation of this sort is calculated to shock not a few people of this country, but there can be no doubt that the public feeling is overwhelmingly in its favor in Victoria. Indeed, on the passing of the act, a rush of discontented husbands and wives, anxious to avail themselves of it, is anticipated from the other colonies, and a clause has accordingly been inserted rendering it necessary that married persons must have been domiciled in the country for two years at least before their petitions for divorce can be entertained.—London Standard.

AN ANTIQUE CAMEO.

Rare and Expensive Gems Just Procured by an American Collector.

One of the most important accessions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art made this fall is the addition which Maxwell Sommerville, of Philadelphia, has just made to his collection of gems there. This is a beautiful antique cameo of Jupiter Ægiochus, preserved from the first century. It was brought by Mr. Sommerville, who has just returned from Europe, and placed by him in the case among his collection. He considers it the crowning piece of his splendid assortment of gems. The cameo has long been desired by the French Government for the Louvre, and negotiations for its purchase were in progress, but Mr. Sommerville secured it at a cost, it is said, of more than $50,000.

The head is engraved on a piece of chrysoprase as large as a man's hand. The stone is of the finest texture, and is of itself one of the rarest pieces of the size known. It is of the close of the epoch of Marcus Aurelius, or the earlier years of Commodus. The style is Græco-Roman, but exceptional for that period. Dr. Hall, the curator of the museum, in speaking of the gem, said it was one which archæologists and glyptologists have cause to regard as unattainable.

"It is," he added, "a cameo of chrysoprase of India. It was first made known to the learned world in 1887, through the Gazette Archeologique, though nearly a century ago it formed part of a famous English collection. The subject is Jupiter Ægiochus, wearing the Dodonean oak leaf wreath; a treatment so rare that only one other representation of it is known in art, and only two Homeric lines authenticate the joining of the attributes together. For size, vigor of treatment, rarity of subject, proof of the identity of the stone as to material and place of origin by its precious maculations, as well as for the high estimate put upon the immense gem by savants and glyptologists, and fame in the learned journals, this gem has no peer."—N. Y. Tribune.

EDITORIAL ENTERPRISE.

How a Wide-Awake Newspaper Man Feathered His Own Nest.

"Suppose," said the city editor to the young man with checked trousers who applied for a situation as a reporter, "you go out and write up an account of this funeral."

The new reporter started forth, and in the course of time handed in the following:

"The funeral of Mr. Silas Jones was a grand but solemn affair. There was a profusion of flowers from Briggs, the florists, and any quantity of rich mourning dresses, most of which were from Smith & Co.'s dry-goods store. The long, somber procession composed of carriages from Robinson's livery stable, headed by the hearse belonging to Jenkins, the undertaker in charge, moved toward the last resting place over the smooth road that had so recently been regraded by Brown & Sons, contractors. The ceremony in the cemetery was impressive and in every way satisfactory."

The report was very much garbled by the city editor, but the reporter is wearing flowers, receiving boxes from Smith & Co., and taking frequent carriage rides, just the same.—Merchant Traveler.

A Subsequent Discovery.

Archie de Veu (jealously)—Who was that scare-crow you just met on the stairs?

Mabel Blossom—That was an old friend of mine.

Archie de Veu—Ah! indeed (sarcastically), was he the ugliest man you could find?

Mabel Blossom (sweetly)—Yes; but that was before I met you, Archie.—Time.

PITH AND POINT.

—Nothing grumbles so loud as a forced charity.

—The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.

—You can not do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to yourself.

—Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves, who are out of favor with all others.—Shakspeare.

—The trouble with a man covering up his tracks is that he makes new ones in doing it.—Atchison Globe.

—The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do.—Longfellow.

—Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.—Rochester Budget.

—It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to be great, for they who are really great never seem to know it.

—It is a wonder that the world grows better. We come into it with the faults of our ancestors, and go out leaving added faults for our descendants.

—It is certainly much easier wholly to decline a passion than to keep it within just bounds and measures; and that which few can moderate almost any body may prevent.

—No man can be a rule for all other men in any thing. Dispositions are different, circumstances are varied, and these must modify every life, and give it a character distinctively its own.

—"I wonder why Providence made fools?" said Binks. "Well, wisdom would have no value were it not for them," was Jinks' sage reply.—Merchant Traveler.

—Jars concealed are half reconciled; while 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad. To this end a good husband never publicly reproves his wife. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present, after which many study revenge rather than reformation.—Fuller.

—In our pursuit of things in this world we usually prevent enjoyment by expectation; we anticipate our own happiness and eat out the heart and sweetness of worldly pleasures, by delightful forethoughts of them, so that when we come to possess them they do not answer the expectation nor satisfy the desires which we raised about them, and they vanish into nothing.

—It is, perhaps, natural to wish for the better times which, we have reason to believe, are to come hereafter, though if one can not be happy among the blessings the world now affords him, it is difficult to imagine what would satisfy him. As for those good old times, they are getting to be pretty well discredited, even by those who believe that in certain particulars the former days were better than these.—United Presbyterian.

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

How a Good Woman Sacrificed Her Life to Assist Her Son.

A friend relates to me a case of female heroism, of quite recent date, which somewhat reminds me of a much older case, in which Mrs. Disraeli was the heroine. In the Quartier Latin of Vienna, the quarter around the Wiener Allgemeines Krankenhaus, there lived an aged widow and her only son, a medical student. They were so poor that the mother was obliged to sew almost day and night, and the son gave lessons, which occupied the time necessary for his studies in order to enter university life.

On the Continent poor students are as frequent to be found as in Scotland, and in Vienna they form the majority. A good number of mere boys may be seen running about from one end of the city to the other, giving lessons whilst they are themselves still pupils at the gymnasium (the continental grammar school), and of the university students at least two-thirds are defraying the expenses of their studies out of their own earnings. This works satisfactorily so long as the minor examinations have to be passed, but when the students have the Doktor-Examen or the Staats-Examen before them, assistance becomes necessary, as studying hard and cramming others have proved to be incompatible. In such cases, the poor mother or the sister, perhaps a seamstress or a dressmaker, or may be the bride-elect, who is also dependent on needle-work, will for months strain her eyes and work her fingers to the bone to allow the candidate, who is the pride of the family, and may in days to come be its support, to devote himself entirely to his books to prepare for his examination.

The son of this poor widow was such a candidate, and whilst he was diligently applying himself to his studies, the final examination being very near, the mother deprived herself of the pleasure of even seeing him. One evening the poor old woman pricked her finger with her needle. Soon her hand became swollen and the woman sought medical advice at a hospital. There she was told the finger must be amputated and she insisted upon the operation being performed at once, so that the accident might be concealed from her son. Twenty-four hours later the whole hand was gangrenous and had to be taken off. Not a whisper of this misfortune was allowed to reach her son's ears.

At last the examination day for the doctor's degree arrived. The young man left for the university after taking a hasty farewell of his mother, and he had hardly quitted the house before the doctors arrived to amputate the arm of the silent old sufferer. It was an advanced hour of the day when the son came home radiant with joy to tell his mother that their days of anxiety and want were at an end; that he had passed with honors, and that it would now be his turn to provide for his parent. But the one to whom he intended to communicate his joy was no more. Even the last operation was made too late, and blood poisoning was the consequence of her endeavors to hide her pains from her studious son.—Vienna Cor. London Standard.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

TWO LITTLE COUSINS.

Two little cousins were Johnny Wing
And Mary Merriweather;
And they talked of almost every thing,
And they always played together.

Down by the pond and up in the hay,
And out where the men were mowing,
They wandered many a merry day,
With cheeks that were red and glowing.

But they came to Mary's mother one day
With discontented faces;
And asked: "Will we always have to stay
In such common, homely places?

"We are tired of being Johnny Wing
And Mary Merriweather—
We want to be a Queen and a King,
And live in state together!"

"Why, then," she replied, "the very best thing,
If a little help we can borrow,
Will be to *play* you are Queen and King—
We will try to begin to-morrow."

Then mamma's fingers grew busy indeed,
To prepare for a grand ovation;
And the neighbors were bidden to come with speed
To witness the coronation.

She made them crowns of paper of gold,
And a throne with a crimson cover,
And dressed them in robes that were fold on fold
Of tinsel and lace all over.

She placed on his chubby finger a ring,
And in Mary's hair a feather;
You would never have guessed it was Johnny Wing
And Mary Merriweather.

There never were hearts more glad and gay
Than theirs, when their uncle crowned them;
There never were monarchs more proud than they,
When their subjects knelt around them.

"Long live the Queen! Long live the King!
Long reign they both together!"
Cried fat and jolly miller Wing,
And farmer Merriweather.

Then all of their friends such homage paid,
And gave them respect so duly,
They quite forgot that they only played,
And thought they were reigning truly.

Then they sat in the parlor hours each day,
While other children were playing,
And they bowed and smiled in the stateliest way,
At the dull things people were saying.

And both of their papas were nobles great,
Who came with others beside,
And they sat and talked of affairs of state,
Till the children nearly cried.

So it all went on from day to day,
Till of sitting around they were tired;
They were weary of clothes so stiff and gay,
And they dreaded to be admired.

They rode in a carriage till they were sick;
They hated the company fine;
And they wished for a bowl of bread and milk,
When asked upon dainties to dine.

Well, Mary's mother came in one day
With some royal guests from the lawn;
And "Your Majesties" she was going to say,
But the King and Queen were gone.

The splendid coat, the shining gown,
In a corner were thrown aside;
A vacant throne and a broken crown
Were the only things she spied.

But a calico dress and an old straw hat
In the wood-yard soon were seen;
"And what," she cried, "do you mean by that,
And where are the King and Queen?"

Then the answer came from Mary's lips,
As they stood with downcast eyes:
"Why, Johnny is going to pick up chips,
And I am to make mud pies.

"We are tired of being Queen and King,
We are going to quit together;
We want to be just Johnny Wing,
And Mary Merriweather."
—Anna R. Henderson, in Wide Awake.

"THAT JIM."

How He was Caught at One of His Many Thieving Tricks.

"I've lost my pepper-pot," said Deborah, looking sharply about the kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up to any of your tricks, Jim?"

Jim gave no answer, except a toss of the head, as he slowly walked across the kitchen; but Deborah's quick ears caught a little chuckle as he went out the door.

"I'll give it to you some day, you young rascal, if you carry away my things!" went on Deborah, shaking her fist at the little fellow.

"What's the matter, Deborah?" asked her mistress, coming into the kitchen.

"Oh, it's that Jim! He's always up to mischief. It comes natural to that gipsyish sort to be tricky and sneaky, and there's no such thing as gettin' 'em out of it."

"If it's natural to them we ought to make some allowance for it," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as she helped Deborah to hunt for the missing pepper-pot.

"No use a-harborin' such, seems to me," said Deborah.

"May-be so," said Mrs. Graham, "but none of us, somehow, seem to have the heart to drive him away."

"*I* have!" said Deborah, very decidedly. "Look-a-there now—a everlastin' tease!"

The two watched Jim as, with roguish twinkle in his small black eyes, he made his way to where old Carlo was taking his morning nap under the lilac bush, and gave him a sudden poke. The dog raised his head with a growl, but Jim stood at a little distance, with a grave and innocent look at something on the ground.

Carlo settled down again, and, quick as lightning, Jim gave him another poke. Up jumped Carlo, with a savage look at his tormentor; but Jim stood in the same place half asleep, and Carlo lay down again with a long-drawn sigh. Jim kept it up until the poor dog went to find a quieter place.

"I've seen him do that a dozen times," said Deborah, laughing, and I know he's hidden my pepper-pot. Why, it ain't so long since I read a story about one o' that set—must 'a' been first cousin to Jim I reckon—that stole a elegant breastpin, and it was laid to a poor young girl that worked in the family. She was disgraced and turned off, and ever so long after it was found out that that creetur'd been the thief. I've no use for such!"

And so every member of the family could have declared, but no one would be the one to say that Jim must go. In the course of a long drive over country roads, through a heavy storm, the farmer had found Jim drenched and half starved. Of course he brought him home, and after being warmed, fed and made comfortable, the wild-eyed, dark-looking little vagabond had wisely settled himself in such good quarters, and had since showed no desire to leave them.

"You can come and help peel the peaches now, Marian," called Mrs. Graham to her daughter.

Marian came, looking admiringly at the baskets of rosy-cheeked, downy fruit on the great table, all of which was waiting to be made into peach-butter.

"Is that your pearl ring?" asked her mother.

"Oh—yes. I was clearing my drawer and put it on to see how pretty it looks, and forgot it. I'll take it off."

The pretty lassie worked for hours over the peaches, paring, stoning, measuring out sugar, stirring and tasting. At length she skipped up to her room to dress, but soon came running back with an anxious face.

"My ring, Deborah! I left it on the corner of the table—back here. Have you seen it?"

"The land, Miss Marian! No, I ain't. And I've just this blessed minute scraped up all the peelin's and flung 'em out to the pigs."

With tears in her eyes Marian ran out to the lot in which the pigs were kept, and searched eagerly. But the grunters had made quick work of their luscious meal, and no ring was to be found. More slowly she went back, and looked about the kitchen with a forlorn hope that the ring might have escaped. But Deborah's scraping had been vigorous, and she went up-stairs again with a woe-begone look.

"She's a dreadful careless little piece," said Deborah, looking after her, "always a-leavin' her things 'round. But I ain't a-goin' to say it to her now she's a-feelin' so bad."

"Ha! ha—you thievin' rascal! I've caught you at last, aint' I?"

Mrs. Graham and Marian hurried out at sound of Deborah's excited voice, to see Jim struggling in her grasp. He was uttering sharp, angry cries and doing his best to free himself.

"I was just a-washin' my dishes," cried Deborah, "when this limb come a-peekin' an' a-pryin' 'round. I mistrusted he was up to somethin', an' I kep' my eye on him and seen him pick up one o' my teaspoons and sneak off with it. I took after him, and just got hold o' him right here—see? He was just a-slippin' that spoon into that hole fer to hide it!"

Mrs. Graham looked curiously at the hole, a small one near the ground in the weather-boarding of the spring-house.

"Bring an axe and knock that off, Deborah," she said.

Deborah did so, and the three bent over what they saw.

"I'm blessed if there aint my pepper-pot exclaimed Deborah.

More than the pepper-pot was there. Keys, nails, screws, a button-hook, a gimlet and as they turned them over Marian gave a scream of delight and snatched up her pearl ring.

Then she made a quick rush for Jim, and hugged and fondled him until he bit her to make her let him go, when he flew to the top of the spring-house, and stood there chattering his discontent at such rough handling.

"You dear old crow," exclaimed Marian. "If you hadn't stolen my ring off the table that day I never should have seen it again. O Deborah, you have pulled out half his tail-feathers."

"Never mind," said Deborah, "they'll grow again."—Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

Our Little Red Rooster.

One spring not long ago we had a hen that hatched quite a brood of little chicks, some speckled, some brown, some white. When they were a few days old the mother hen became so sick that she could not scratch for her fluffy little brood. In the flock of big chickens was a little red rooster, which had always been a selfish fellow. He would drive all the others away from their food and eat it himself, and we called him mean and greedy. He was getting pretty old, too. But the meanest creatures have some redeeming qualities, if one can only find them out. So with this little red rooster; when he found by some sort of instinct that the mother hen was unable to care for her little chicks, he took entire charge of them; stood by them in danger and never let them go hungry. At night he marched them to roost and staid with them. They grew and thrived under his watchful care until they could care for themselves. Now among these wards of his there proved to be several pullets. When they were old enough to look around for nests, in which to lay their nice white eggs, the faithful little rooster followed them. As they sat on the nest he would settle himself near and remain until Miss Pullet announced with a furious cackle that a new egg was in the nest. He lived to be quite old, and by his kindness to the little family he had voluntarily taken charge of, he won the kindly interest of the entire household. He was sick several times and we nurse him back to health. But at last he died. This is every bit a true story.—American Agriculturist.

A citizen of this place was presiding over the deliberations of a meeting, and things were not going to suit him. He finally delivered the following opinion: "According to parliamentary law, it requires a two-thirds vote to carry that motion, and the chair decides that there are not that many here." The meeting at once adjourned. That settled it.—Atchison (Kas.) Champion.

—When a man sets out to do business he should figure on the probable gain or loss. A Yankee goes over to Canada, passes forged checks to the amount of about $400 and is sent to prison for thirty years. If he can figure out any profit in this he should give the public his balance sheet.—Detroit Free Press.

—A gigantic umbrella to cover the whole exposition is one of the "original ideas" that has been suggested for the World's Fair. An umbrella that nobody can steal would indeed be something new.—Binghamton Republican.